THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 2.

New-York....Saturday, November, 7....1807.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

"Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will be able to relate how the passions are kept in continual irritation by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge."

HAWKESWORTH.

IT was in a gloomy recess, hollowed by the hand of nature, and decorated only by her rudest ornaments, that the misanthropic Reginald sought to bury the remembrance of his early woes: penitence and remorse were his only companions, and his self-inflicted mortifications, the only variety which his situation afforded. He possessed the means of affluence, but his heart was deadened to sensations of social comfort, and abhorring himself, he also abhorred mankind. Deep in the gloom of an extensive forrest, he remained secure from observation; the only human countenance he had beheld during his voluntary seclusion from the world, was that of a simple but honest woodcutter, who occasionally ventured to visit the cave, when its austere inhabitant relaxed from his usual ferocity, and would endeavour, with artless good-nature, to amuse the recluse with details of rustic diversions, and pictures of the blessings which society afforded; but on this theme Reginald was obdurate, and any persuasion to quit his solitude never failed to excite his wrath to a degree almost bordering on phrenzy. His countenance, which could once boas lineaments of beauty, was now pale, haggard, and stamped with the expression of malign horror; his figure had been graceful and majestic, but now, emaciated with suffering, and distorted from its natural symmetry by the rude manner of living to which he had accustomed himself, was terrific and disgusting to the beholder; the skins of wild animals served him for raiment; his food was coarse, and scantily provided; his bed the withered leaves which winter's chill blasts had scattered through the forest. The only vestiges which within his cell marked civilization, were a flute and an escritoire; on the former he indulged himself very rarely, and only at those intervals when his mind was tranquillized, or exhausted by the intenseness of anguish, and at those periods the indulgence was most precious; but his escritoire was periodically visited: the wild suggestions of imagination were

committed to paper. Arnold had frequently found scattered fragments, but he possessed not sufficient erudition to decypher the contents, and Reginald checked every inquiry with such vehemence as made the rustic tremble. In this state had Reginald remained five years, when wandering one night through the mazes of the forest, his ears were assailed by a sound to which they had long been unaccustomed; an unaccountable sensation thrilled in his bosom—the ferocity of his temper was in an instant subdued: it was the cry of an infant which had caused this momentary change; yet recollection soon returned, and with desperate obduracy he fled from the spot. In the confussion of ideas which repeatedly assailed him, he mistook the path; and once more he was necessitated to retrace his footsteps, and again the infant's lamentation was distinctly heard. Reginald gazed fearfully around—one step more brought him close to the object of his alarm and agitation: it was a female child, apparently about six years of age, reclining on the damp earth, and unsheltered from the inclement season. Reginald could not leave her to perish; with a rude grasp he seized her in his arms—she shrieked with horror, and struggled to disengage herself from a being so terrific; his voice had been long unaccustomed to tones of soothing tenderness; all he could articulate was hush! hush! and his broken discordant voice augmented the terror of the child. With swift steps he reached the cave: he placed the little trembler on his bed, and kindled his lamp to gaze on the features of his infant charge: he beheld them lovely beyond description; her dress was neat but simple, and it was evident she was no peasant's child; but if her appearance softened his heart, and filled his breast with tenderness long unfelt, his had a far different effect on her he had preserved. To his rough question—"Who are you?" she replied, with tears and clasped hands—"Oh! do not kill me!" I am little Rosa! "Kill you, child!" he exclaimed, starting from her with horror:—"Is *murderer* stamped on my brow, that even this babe can trace its marks!" The convulsion of his features was terrific, and Rosa hid her face among the leaves, sobbing fearfully: again he approached her—"Who are your parents, Rosa?" she shook her head. "She is perhaps an orphan," he thought. "Have you a mamma?" "Oh, dear mamma! take me to poor mamma—she is very sick." "What is her name?—"Madam Windenbourn." "Enough, child—you shall see her to-morrow; but now go to sleep."—"I am very hungry." Reginald started; he had nothing fit for a child to eat, and he feared she would perish: but a moment's recollection obviated the difficulty: Arnold had once with difficulty prevailed on him to accept a young goat, whose milk was the only luxury he indulged in, and a delicious draught was presented to his

famished guest, who assured by his gentleness, soon after fell into a sound sleep. Arnold engaged in his own occupations, did not come near the cave during the three following days; Rosa was for a long time inconsolable; she wept, she called on her dear mamma, and exertions to pacify her were vainly used by Reginald, who became insensibly interested for the lovely child: by degrees, her regret and terror wore away; she seemed much delighted when Reginald, to divert her, played several tunes on his flute: and as her apprehension subsided, she gradually became more familiar with him; she would at times attempt a description of some very terrible transaction: she spoke of horsemen with swords and guns, and frequently mentioned the name of Madeline, but was incapable of giving any distinct account of the connexion that subsisted between them. The simple fare which she had at first rejected indignantly, was soon rendered palatable by hunger, and her infantile prattle unbending the gloom which had heretofore clouded the brow of the wretched recluse, he assumed innumerable gay airs to divert his youthful charge. At length Arnold visited the cave, and his astonishment was extreme at perceiving it had acquired a fresh inmate. Reginald related his adventure, and desired Arnold to make inquiry in the village and its environs for the parents of the child. Arnold did so, but his inquiries were unattended by success; and after several days passed in perplexing incertitude and fruitless researches, he returned to the cave. Reginald, instead of expressing disappointment, seemed much gratified; habit had reconciled him to the innocent intruder, and her endearing ways had beguiled him of many sad hours. His imagination extended not to the future: Rosa as a child delighted him, and it never for a moment entered his thoughts, that Rosa would ever be other than a child; he therefore returned an obstinate denial to the generous offer which the wood-cutter made of taking the child home with him, but readily agreed that he should occasionally supply her with better fare than what the cave afforded. All the ferocious passions which had before agitated the breast of Reginald, were now suspended; if his countenance for a moment assumed its wild disordered expression, the undisguised terror and aversion of Rosa instantly subdued him; he would then clasp her fondly to his bosom, entreat her not to hate him, and as his scalding tears fell on her lovely face, kiss them away with affection almost paternal. Rosa, gentle and timid, shrunk equally from these extremes of sensibility, and as advanced age gave expansion to intellect, frequently wondered at her peculiar situation. The past events seemed faded from her memory; but an expression of dread had been stamped on her mind by the singular uncouth form and manners of Reginald, which no subsequent kindness could wholly eradicate.

Before him she wholly surpressed the curiosity she felt, but to Arnold she expressed it in the most inquisitive terms, when the wanderings of Reginald afforded her opportunity; and his information, instead of affording her satisfaction, seemed but to increase her anxiety. One day Arnold mentioned inadvertently, that he had a son and daughter at home about her own age—"Are they like me?" asked Rosa, Arnold smiled: "No, my dear, they are poor rustic children." "And what am I?" "It is very easy to perceive that you are belonging to some great family, if we could but find them out." "And what should I be the better for that?" "Oh, a vast deal; you would have fine cloaths instead of that course camblet dress; and you would sleep on a soft bed, hung round with beautiful furniture; and you would have delicious food." "What then," cried Rosa, clasping her hands with delight and wonder, "do other people live in that way? I thought every body lived in the same manner as ourselves." Bless you, my pretty innocent, it was a very natural mistake; but, indeed, nobody lives like the strange man you are with." "I am sorry for that." said Rosa, shaking her head; "I should like to see how other people live." "But the hermit will think it unkind of you to wish to leave him;" "I would not leave him for any thing," cried Rosa; "for when he is good-natured, I love him dearly; but cannot you bring your children to see me?" I dare not." "Then I will go to them." "That I cannot promise: you must ask the hermit." Rosa entertained not a doubt of success, and instantly, on the return of Reginald, assailed him with intreaties to permit her to visit, for a short time, the cottage of Arnold. Reginald started with dismay: her presence was now his only solace; and fearing that the pleasing contrast which the cottage might present, would fill her mind with dissatisfaction at her present situation, he gave a stern refusal. The spirit of Rosa sunk under his harshness; she spent the remainder of the day in tears, and rejected, with repellent disgust, all his endearments. Fearful of wholly alienating her regard, Reginald at lenth was induced to yield a reluctant acquiescence, and on the following day, after affectionately embracing her guardian, Rosa tripped lightly through the forest, led by the hand of the honest, guileless Arnold. Every object had the charm of novelty, and Rosa expressed the most lively rapture: the hovel in which the woodman's family resided was a palace to the inexperienced orphan; she examined minutely every article of furniture, the uses of which she could with difficulty comprehend, and embraced the young rustics with fond familiarity. A small looking-glass at length caught her attention: the the animated object it presented, gave her unspeakable pleasure; she gazed at her own resemblance with mingled surprise and admiration: when informed that it was

herself, she played a thousand antic gestures, and throwing her arm round the neck of Julette, cried—"Ah, now I see that you are not like me; how brown your skin is! and your eyes they are quite black!" "I am not so pretty as you," said Julette, dejectedly.—"I am sure I think you are," replied the unconcious Rosa; "but come here, Lucius, I think you are the most like me." Lucius was a blooming boy, about twelve years of age; his glossy auburn hair curled in sportive ringlets round his dimpled cheeks, on which health had fixed her seat; his eyes were dark hazel, and beaming with expression; his features forming with beautiful regularity. Rosa drew him towards her—their eyes met in the mirror—mutual admiration heightened the colour of their cheeks, and a smile of satisfaction played on the lips of each. "What a pity it is," cried Lucius, "that you cannot live with us." For the first time in her life, Rosa sighed. "I will come to see you very often," said she; "for I an sure the cave is a dismal place compared with this; but I must not live with you."

'I should love you dearly,' cried Julette; "we would play together and sleep together, and we should be so happy!" Rosa again embraced her young friend, and again expressed the joy it would afford her to be permitted to live with them. Arnold soon after hurried her away, and Rosa that night retired to rest with a discontented mind.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

As the taste for the marvellous is all the rage, I have thought proper to transcribe for your miscellany the following fragment. Please to give it a place, and you will oblige your friend and subscriber F. H.

FRAGMENT.

The night was dark and cheerless, thick clouds hung heavily on the horizon, and the cold piercing wind whistled horribly among the naked trees. Fernando pressed forwards to gain the next town ere total darkness overshadowed the earth; but vain were all his efforts—he lost his path in the almost trackless forest, and wandered for a considerable time unconscious were he went. At length, when almost worn out with hunger and fatigue, he espied a glimering light at a considerable distance, and, animated with the hope that his dreary search was now concluded, he soon reached the friendly beacon. From the window of a small cottage he found the light proceeded, and for some time vainly endeavoured to gain admittance: at last, a man made his appear ance at the window, and hastily dem an-

ded what might be his business. Fernando told him that he was benighted, and had lost his road in the intricate windings of this extensive forest—that he wished for shelter till the ensuing morn—or at least, be directed the nearest path to the neighbouring town. No sooner had Fernando explained his cheerless situation, than the door was immediately opened, and he was conducted, by an elderly man into a neat and elegant parlour. The furniture was simple, but beautiful, and the appearance of the room but little coincided with the meanness of the exterior. A choice library of books filled up one side of the apartment; implements for drawing were scattered in another; and every part of the room indicated the possessor to be a man of wealth and erudition. Scarcely had Fernando recovered from his first surprise, when his host disappeared, but soon returned with a most excellent repast, which he placed before our wearied traveller. Fernando ate heartily, and the host looked on with a smile of approbation. The midnight hour slowly sounded upon a deep-toned clock, soon after Fernando had finished his refreshment; and, rising from his seat, the owner of the cottage requested to conduct him to his apartment. A winding staircase led to a neat and comfortable chamber, and wishing Fernando a refreshing sleep, our host retired. After a few reflections on the oddity of the adventure, our benighted traveller fell into a profound slumber. Not long, however, did he enjoy his calm and refreshing repose: a noise in the room suddenly awoke him, and looking, he beheld, by the pale light of the glimmering moon, (which had just risen,) the fierce visage of a negro with a bloody knife in his hand, bending over the bed. The negro slowly retreated, and beckoned him to follow. Convulsed with fear, Fernando arose and with trembling steps attended his grim conductor. They pursued their way down several flights of steps, till they arrived at a dark and dismal dungeon. The negro now paused, and suddenly flashing the light of a dark lanthorn on the floor, Fernando beheld a sight that chilled his frame with horror. The ground was stained with blood, and several mangled carcases were suspended from the ceiling. The negro gave a grin of exultation, and, with his bloody knife, beckoned Fernando to retire. Almost deprived of life by the scene he had witnessed, Fernando returned to his apartment, and lay for some time debating what steps he should pursue. Morning at length appeared; the host knocked at his door, and with smiling countenance requested him to take some refreshment before he left his cottage. A neat and elegant breakfast was placed before him; but who can express the horror of his feelings when the same negro again entered the room, and took his place behind the entertainer's chair! Fernando fortunately had still suf-

ficient resolution not to betray his feelings, and his host suspected not the workings of his mind. His horse at last came to the door; the same negro held his stirrups: Fernando hastily mounted, and spurring forward, soon lost sight of the cottage and its inhabitants.

Arrived at the next town, he informed the chief magistrate of the sight he had witnessed, and officers of justice were immediately dispatched, with Fernando as their conductor, to bring to light this atrocious abode. The alguzils soon reached the lonely cottage, but were in no small degree surprised, when they found they had been conducted to the abode of the worthy but eccentric Valasquez, the lord of this extensive forest. Thinking however that an investigation was necessary, they entered the house, and, conducted by Fernando, came, not to the dismal and dreary dungeon, but to a well-stocked larder, in which they found, not the murdered bodies of unfortunate travellers, but the inviting hunches of some plump and well-fed venison. A laugh now ensued, and upon a farther inquiry, the real state of the case appeared.

It was customary with Velasquez, at this time of the year, to retire from the world, accompanied only by a dumb negro. Venison was his chief food whilst in this solitude, and his negro was the person who procured it.

It happened, that when Fernando arrived, the negro was out on this business, and was consequently ignorant that a stranger was in the house. Velasquez, with a true spirit of benevolence, had given up his own bed to accomodate Fernando, and the negro, on his return home, had entered his master's room with an intention of conducting him to see his uncommon success.

Our readers will easily discover the flights of steps, and dismal dungeons, in poor Fernando's bewildered imagination.

From the Lady's Museum.

. . . . . .

FASHION'S CHANGE.

YES, Mr. Editor, Fashions do change, and in this *refined* age one naturally expects them to change for the better: but, except when former fashions, according to the usual rotation, come round again, they seem continually to change for the worse.

The truth is, that *fashion* has undergone a total *revolution*—and no wonder, since *revolutions* have been all the FASHION. Formerly the two great constituents of fashion were, elegance of appearance, and urbanity of manners. My Lord Chesterfield particularly recommends something of this sort: but certain grave readers confounded

his lordship's ideas of *elegance*, which were very correct, with his *moral* notions, which were certainly exceptionable—elegance itself fell into disrepute; and, least we should appear to be of the school of Chesterfield, the contrary extreme was adopted, and the *Blackguard School* preferred; for I can give no other denomination to that which abolished what all the world acknowledged to be elegant, and introduced the *Dress of the Stable*, and the *Slang* of *Bow-street*. Ever since that time, what a routine we have had of every thing disgusting, in the name of Fashion! slouched hats, jockey waistcoats, half boots, leather breeches, cropped heads, unpowdered hair—in short, every thing that can give an idea of a *Ruffian*—I say, a *Ruffian*, because the dress and manners which are now deemed fashionable, would, twenty years ago, have made a *gallow's* impression on a jury at the Old Bailey.

I am ready to acknowledge, that under the Chesterfield system, elegance often degenerated into frivolity; and a *man* sometimes seemed little better than a *monkey*. This, however, could only happen among the middling and lower classes, *aping* the dress and manner of their superiors; and even these were infinitely preferable to the *boorish*, *woolfish*, and even *affectedly terrific* exhibition of the present race of *Bucks* without *blood*, *Beaux* without *taste*, and *Gentlemen* without *manners*!

I have been led into such egregious errors, and have committed so many blunders, by mistaking—*Dukes* for *Grooms*, *Earls* for *Postilions*, and *Squires* for *Stable-boys*, that perhaps I may not express myself with sufficient accuracy or candour, on this subject. But I cannot help taking the present system to be *confusion confounded*; and therefore I hope, since *even* Buonaparte requires *Sans Culottes* to be *dressed*, that in this country, remarkable for good sense and propriety, we may again, and speedily, see the Fashions Change!

THE

PERPETUAL COMPLAINT.

Being among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to those that have occasionally introduced them to the public, through the channel of your interresting Museum. When I tell you I am as old as Time itself, you will allow that, on the score of longevity, I ought to be respected; and when I add, that I am venerable in my appearance and temperature, as themselves, you will also be disposed to grant that I am not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, that even though I take pains to accomodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality

between us; and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial; while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. Yet, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, negligence or disregard; for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am enquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly intorduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necessary assistant to conversation: for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of their minds; yet I am scarcely mentioned in any other light but as the source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name. Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour, sometimes too cold. If I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected of harbouring treacherous designs, and men say to one another sarcastically, "We shall pay for this!" If I continue my placed deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am said to be good humoured, even to satiety. Some wish me to weep when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay when I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be vapourish—if loud, boisterous and rude. Aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting corns, are often attributed to my influence. In short, Sir, I am so watched, so scrutinized, so censured, so abused every day, that it would seem as if I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the creation. But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance, THE WEATHER.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON FEELING.

To revel in the dissipations of fashionable life; to luxuriate upon the charms of beauty; or to feast the imagination upon the splendid productions of wit, requires but an ordinary degree of taste and refinement: but to indulge in the fervor of affection, or the generous glow of friendship, to give lose to all the tender emotions of the soul; to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, are pleasures only known to a susceptible mind. Feeling was implanted in our natures as a counterpoise to the selfish principles; it was intended to knit together more closely the various members of society, to strengthen their amity and increase their felicity; such was the design, and such is the effect which feeling is calculated to produce; to aid the unfortunate therefore, to

succour the distressed, and heal the broken heart of the widow and the orphan, are duties incumbent upon all : but

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
Those who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste,
Ah little think they as they dance along,
How many feel this moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
Thought fond man of these, the
Conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate,
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection gradual bliss
Refining still the social passions work.

THOMPSON.

The pleasures of sense are never so exalted as when connected with those of feeling ; the eye by ranging over a beautiful and picturesque landscape, feels uncommonly gratified ; but when it calls to mind past scenes, when we recollect that it was here we spent the morning of our lives in blooming health and peaceful innocence, we feel animated by the recollection, each object appears in a more vivid and attractive form, and the whole acquires an additional degree of splendor and beauty. It is from similar principles of association that music has such wonderful power over the human mind.... When the dulcet strains of the harmonious lute, or more impressive harp strikes the attentive ear, the softning sounds penetrate the inmost recesses of the soul, and fill it with the alternate sensations o pity, love, hope, fear, forgiveness, and revenge.

In contemplating whatever is vast or magnificent in nature, we always feel pleased in proportion as the objects which we observe interest our feelings, or excite our smypathy ; thus when we view

" Those hilly regions where embraced
In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell,
Oft rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering torrents roll,
From steep to steep, loud thundering down they come,
A wintery waste and dire commotion all,
And herds and flocks, and travellers and swain's,
And sometimes wholebrigades of marching men,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night
Are deep beneath the smothering ruins whelm'd."

Or when we hear the loud thundering cataract pouring its mighty waters down the cragy precipice, " rebellowing with a roar," and view the thick collected vapours emerging from the perturbed stream below, forming the most beautiful and variegated rainbows. Scenes at once so rich, splendid, and sublime, hold captive the imagination, elevate the soul beyond its usual bounds, and fill the throbbing heart of virtue with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, towards the great architect of these wonderful works.

Such are a few of the pleasures connected with and dependent on

feeling. If the joys of this passion be thus exquisite it may reasonably be asked whether its pains are not proportionally acute. This question admits of an easy answer; to that portion of mankind who are unable to bear up against the adverse storms of fate with fortitude, a too nice sensibility is a real and serious evil; but to those whose feelings are always under the guidance of their reason, it is a source of the most exalted pleasure which human nature is capable of receiving.

So widely has this passion diffused itself over all ranks of society, so powerful is it in its effects, and so universal in its operations, that there is perhaps not a being in existence who has not at some period of his life been subject to its influence. An intercourse with polished society however it may tend to soften and refine our manners, has in our opinion little influence in strengthening the social affections. It is only found among those, whom early education has taught the divine maxims of universal benevolence and philanthropy, to exist in its highest state. Such as are undebauched by the follies of fashionable life, who have not from their infancy been initiated into scenes of extravagance, riot, and debauchery, will ever have a heart ready to sympathize with the unfortunate.

Ask the crowd, which flies impatient
from the village walk,
To climb the neighbouring cliffs when
far below,
"The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the
coast,
Some hapless bark; while sacred pity
melts
The general eye, terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs, and horrent
hair;
While every mother closer to her breast,
Catches her child, and pointing where
the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel,
shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his
piteous arms
For succor, as now another dashed
against the rock,
Drops lifeless down."

DE COURCY.

New-York, Nov. 1907.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

TO MYSELF.

For whom does Hope's delusive hand
Sketch fairest scenes with fancy's wand,
By Fortune's gales propitious fann'd?
Myself.

When adverse fates reverse the scene,
And sullen frowns for smiles are seen,
Who most laments their change of mein?
Myself.

Who views with most amplifick eyes,
Emotions noble, generous, wise,
Which in my joyful bosom rise?
Myself.

Who seeks with truest love to view
As foibles, faults of darkest hue,
Softening their shades and forms anew?
Myself.

When dulcet strains of flattery dear,
Strike my pleased, averted ear,
Whom do they most delight to hear?
Myself.

The Selector.

No. 2.

As two ladies were knocking at a door in the afternoon service time (Sunday,) a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, stepped up to the house and bowed to them. The door opened, and they all walked in together. After some conversation in the parlour, the gentleman began to wonder at his aunt's not returning from church, and to observe upon the length of the sermon, which he imagined must be the cause of it. The wished-for-lady, however, was soon heard at the door; and the gentleman instantly proposed a scheme to frighten his relatson (pretty effectually as it turned out) for the diversion of the company. The scheme was, that he should slip into the next room with the silver tea-kettle and the lamp, in order that the lady, so soon as she should call for it. might conclude that it, was stolen. As the lady came into the room, the gentleman made round to the passage; the maid opened the door, and he told her he should be back again immediately to tea. After the first compliments had passed amongst the ladies, the tea was called for: the visitors, who thought themselves in the secret, tittered; the lady of the house was at a loss to know the reason: she rang the bell; the maid missed the kettle: the alarm began, and (to make short of the story, the visitors were obliged to confess that the nephew had hid himself in the next room, with the kettle, on purpose to cause the surprise. The lady started at the word nephew, having no relation of that denomination, the maid was a sufficient evidence of the gentleman's exit; and not the least doubt could remain what was become of the tea-kettle and lamp. *Lon. Pub.*

In West Greenland the women are subject to carry heavy loads even from their younger years; their dress is chiefly skins, and they perform the offices of butcher, cook, currier, make also cloths, shoes, boots, build and repair their houses and tents as far as regards the masonary; the men only doing the carpenter's work.

In Sweeden the women go to plough, row on the water, serve the bricklayers, and do all the common drudgeries of husbandry.

The women in Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and, in the district of Samogitia particularly make them wear little bells before and behind to give notice where they are, and what they are about.

ANOTHER MISERY.

Going out to dinner: no coach, dirty-streets; silk stockings; following on tiptoe a short fat woman in pattens, along the crouded way, anxiously hoping every minute to pass by her, when she suddenly stops to hitch on her patten, the

sharp rim of which violently grates your instep, already sore from a previous accident.

EMPERORS OF CHINA.

The emperor of China, on certain days of the year, visiteth his mother, who is seated on a throne, and four times on his feet, and four times on his knees, he makes her a profound reverence, bowing his head even to the ground. The same custom is also observed through the greatest part of the empire; and if it chance that any one is negligent or deficient in this duty to his parents, he is complained of to the magistrates, who punish such offenders very severely.

GARRICK.

When Packer, who lately died, was a young man, and engaged at Drury-lane theatre at a low salary, he was one day attending the rehearsal of a new play, at a time when Garrick was occupied on the stage in an affecting scene, and accidentally let fall his hat; a circumstance which much disconcerted the manager, who on such occasions considered the smallest interruption as a very great offence. At the end of the scene, he strutted in great wrath up to the offender, and was proceeding to pronounce the dreadful sentence of dismissal from the theatre, when Packer, in humble guise, besought his attention for a moment.—"Indeed, Sir, said he, "I am not morally responsible for this act.—My nerves sir. my nerves could not withstand the electric shock of your wonderful delineation of this new part.'—"Ha! what? ha!" said the *little great man*, lowering his tone—'Well, well, do take care in future.' Ten shillings a week was added to Packer's salary from that day!

A Publican, who was examined respecting a late election, was asked, whether a Committee sat at his house? The man answered with great *naiveté*, "that there was one man who attended daily for several hours; but whether his name was *Committee* or not, he could not tell.'

A late paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. *Goose* to a Miss *Flock*. The gossips predict from this union a plentiful supply of *goslings*.

A noble Prussian lady, in the habit of giving a portion of 4*l*. to poor females in her neighbourhood, as an encouragement to their getting husbands, was waited on one morning by a good-looking girl, accompanied by her intended husband, an ugly, little, deformed dwarf. The lady expressed her astonishment at her not having got a better spouse.—"Lord, Madam, (said the girl) what can a body expect for *twenty dollars?*"

A country gentleman having heard that the Russians had taken Moldavia, hastily replied—"*Moll Davy!* I know her very well; why she must be an old woman by this time.

While some have waked the muse to mothers,
Tender sisters, fathers, brothers,
Whom do I sing, more lov'd than others?

MY OWN DEAR SELF.

New-York, Nov. 1807.

.....

HUMOUROUS.

THE frequent recurrence of names of places beginning with *kill*, is not a little alarming to a stranger in Ireland, more especially if he be not under the influence of those foolish prejudices which have been excited against this country. "I have (says Carr, in his Stranger in Ireland,) just enumerated in my memory, not less than 49 of those *kill* places." The name produced the following ridiculous mistake: when some of our militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion, a soldier, a native of Devonshire, who was stationed at an out-post, stopped a countryman, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going? The fellow replied, "And my name, my dear honey, is Tullyhog; and d'ye see I have just been to *Killmany*, and now I am going to *Killmore*," upon which the centinel immediately seized him, expecting to receive a high reward for having apprehended a most sanguinary rebel, by confession just come from murder, and going to a fresh banquet of blood.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr Lyell, Mr. John Hibberd, to Mrs. Hannah Shipley, both of this city.

On Monday evening, at St. Peter's Church, by the rev. Mr. Obrien, Mr. O'Farrel, late of the Island of Porto Rico, to Miss Ann Campbell, first daughter of Mr. Malcom Campbell, of this city.

On Sunday morning last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Conrad Luoy, to Miss Eve M. Ulshoeffer, both of this city.

On Sunday morning last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Dr George Quackenbos, to Miss Eliza Rose, daughter of the late Joseph Rose.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr Thomas Walden, to Miss Esther Franklin, eldest daughter of Abraham Franklin, esq.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Samuel Norsworthy, to Miss Frances A. Skidmore, daughter of L. Skidmore.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Forrest, Mr. Robert Watt, to Mrs. Fanny Ross. both of this city.

At Hempstead, L. I. on Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Timothy Cheeseman, to Miss Phoebe Brickle, both of North Hempstead.

At Philipsburgh, Orange County, Mr. Jacob R. Evertson, of Newburgh, to Miss Eliza Philips, daughter of Col. Moses Philips, of the former place.

DIED,

On Saturday last, Mr. Lancaster Burling, an old inhabitant of this city, and formerly of Flushing. L. I. aged 71.

*** *The carriers of this paper are supplied with subscription books for the accommodation of persons residing in those parts of the city remote from this office. The publisher's* receipts, *for monies paid at the time of subscribing, will be regularly forwarded the ensuing week.*

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

.....

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance.*

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ADDRESS

TO A MINATURE.

Come thou soft and sacred favour,
The remembrance chaste impart,
Take thy station on my bosom,
Lightly lodging near the heart.

While that tender thing shall flutter,
Thou the sacred cause shall know;
Whether pleasure or disaster,
Thou wilt see what stirs it so.

When the hope of happy tidings,
Shall the sweet sensations move,
When the white and winged agents
Whisper friendship, whisper love;

Then all sympathetic thrilling,
Thou the rosy stream shalt guide,
While as runs the ruddy treasure,
Thou'rt the genius of the tide.

Haply when the heart is sinking,
Thou shalt soothe the rising sigh;
When with woe surcharg'd 'tis heaving,
Thou wilt see the reason why.

Every curious eye escaping
Here securely shalt thou rest,
Though the universe were searching,
Thine the secrets of my breast.

Come thou dear and lovely favour,
Learn what thou wilt ne'er impart,
Fix thy throne, and fix it ever,
In the regions of my heart.

O'er these delicate dominions
Cast a monarch's careful view;
Render every subject passion,
Worthy me and worthy you.

Let not realms so rich, so tender,
Suffer rebel weeds to grow,
But the flowers, ah! do not crush them,
In sweet visions let them blow.

Gentlest sighs shall serve for breezes,
Softly aid them dearest friend;
Silent tears, like dews descending,
Shall the lovely growth attend.

Thou shalt watch them night and morning,
Thou shalt see the nurslings rise;
Thou with me shall tremble for them,
Thou with me invoke the skies.

If alas! at length they wither,
If they sicken, if they die;
In one grave, ah! dear companion,
Still embosom'd will we lie.

SUSAN.

New-York Nov. 1807.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

A FABLE.

Remember, nor despise a rule
You all have studied when at school:
"May youth the sweets of life enjoy,
"But let them mingle industry."
'Twas on a summer's sultry day,
When Phœbus shot his scorching ray;
(And basking in the op'ning flowers,
Enliven'd June's meridian hours;)
A Bee collecting honied store,
Flew nature's varied garden o'er;
From all a little he obtain'd,
Nor long with any one remain'd;
But ever being on the wing,
He rang'd amidst the sweets of spring;
And Flora's bounteous display,
His care snd toil did soon repay.

So fully was his time employ'd,
His appetite was never cloy'd;
From spray to spray he gaily flew,
And sipt from buttercups the dew;
And blest with peace and calm content,
How happily his day was spent.

Having amass'd a little load,
He thought of reaching his abode;
But so successful was his trade,
'Twas not so easy done as said.
Judgment was requisite, and care,

His burthen safely home to bear;
And it requir'd no little skill,
This occupation to fulfil.

But raising it by slow degrees,
At length he bore the load with ease;
And tho' the progress was but slow,
He tardily tow'rds home did go.

A foolish self-conceited fly,
While yet he labour'd, flutter'd by;
Who view'd with a contemptuous sneer
A toil he'd reason to revere:
He cries, "Behold how well I'm fed,
While you partake a slavish bread;
Yet I subsist without the pains
Which cause your poor and scanty gains
I labour not to gain a hoard,
Which nature ever will afford;
But revel each revolving hour
Amidst the new expanding flower."

"For me life each succeeding day,
New joys and pleasures does display;
Then why should I, in youthful prime,
With industry consume my time.
No while the cherry crowns the wall,
Where climbs the honeysuckle tall;
While flavour'd strawberry is found
Creeping with vi'let on the ground,
I'll ever hail the present state,
Nor think upon to-morrow's fate"

"Poor foolish thing," the Bee reply'd,
I pity and deplore thy pride,
Thy sophistry, before my eyes,
Stript of its fascination, lies.
I too the sweets of life enjoy,
So charter'd that they ne'er can cloy.
I too from nature's bounty reap,
But always look before I leap:
Nor now to try can I forbear,
To snatch thee from this fatal snare."

"Remember winter will arrive,
When flowers and fruits no longer live;
When all that now attracts the eye,
Shall surely wither, droop, and die;
When food no longer can be found
Upon the frost imprison'd ground—
Where then for food would'st thou repair
Unless a store rewards thy care?
Too old to labour for your bread,
Where would you lay your wretched head?"

"A life of indolence at best
Can never with content be bless'd;
And many evils may ensue,
Which you I fear one day will rue;
For when the mind inactive lies.
To every glitt'ring bait it flies;
Be it or vice or virtue's shade,
No thought or hesitation's made,
But, madly rushing to your fate,
You'll find your error when too late."

"Thy prejudic'd and grave advice,'
The Fly reply'd, "I little prize;
When pleasure greets me on the way,
I ne'er will from pleasure stray;
Old care shall never claim a thought,
While every hour with joy is fraught.'

So saying from the Bee he flew,
His path of pleasure to pursue;
To where a cherry's rip'ning charms,
Triumph'd o'er wisdom's sage alarms.
But ah! before the bloom a net
Was by a crafty spider set,
Wrought with the utmost skill and care,
The young and foolish to ensnare;
In which, for want of timely thought,
The vain conceited Fly was caught.

While struggling in the arms of death,
And sighing vainly for relief,
The careful Bee he thus address'd,
Who near the place had staid to rest:
"Had I regarded what you said,
I never thus had been betray'd;
But if industrious like thee,
Might still have been at liberty.'
So saying, the victim of his pride,
Too late repentant, groan'd and died.

LADY'S MUS.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,
No. 299 *Broadway.*